

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By Lieutenant Pat O'Brien

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

I beckoned to the chauffeur to go with me up to the office, as I had no money with which to pay him, and when he got to the consulate I told them that if they would pay the taxi fare I would tell them who I was and how I happened to be there. They knew at once that I was an escaped prisoner and they readily paid the chauffeur and invited me to give some account of myself.

They treated me most cordially and were intensely interested in the brief account I gave them of my adventures. Word was sent to the consul general and he immediately sent for me. When I went in he shook hands with me, greeting me very heartily and offering me a chair.

He then sat down, screwed a monocle on his eye and viewed me from top to toe. I could see that only good breeding kept him from laughing at the spectacle I presented. I could see that he intended to laugh in the worst way. "Go ahead and laugh!" I said. "You can't offend me the way I feel this blessed day!" and he needed no second invitation. Incidentally it gave me a chance to laugh at him, for I was about as much amused as he was.

After he had laughed himself about sick he got up and slapped me on the back and invited me to tell him my story. "Lieutenant," he said when I had concluded, "you can have anything you want. I think your experience entitles you to it."

"Well, consul," I replied, "I would like a bath, a shave, a haircut and some civilized clothes about as badly as a man ever needed them. I suppose, but before that I would like to get a cable off to America to my mother telling her that I am safe and on my way to England!"

The consul gave me the necessary information and I had the satisfaction of knowing before I left the office that the cable, with its good tidings, was on its way to America. Then he sent for one of the naval men who had been interned there since the beginning of the war and who was able to speak Dutch and told him to take good care of me.

After I had been bathed and shaved and had a haircut I bought some new clothes and had something to eat, and I felt like a new man. As I walked through the streets of Rotterdam breathing the air of freedom again and realizing that there was no longer any danger of being captured and taken back to prison, it was a wonderful sensation.

I don't believe there will ever be a country that will appear in my eyes quite as good as Holland did then. I had to be somewhat careful, however, because Holland was full of German spies and I knew they would be keen to learn all they possibly could about my escape and my adventures so that the authorities in Belgium could mete out punishment to everyone who was in any respect to blame for it. As I was in Rotterdam only one day, they didn't have very much opportunity to learn anything from me.

The naval officer who accompanied me and acted as interpreter for me introduced me to many other soldiers and sailors who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took Antwerp, and as they had arrived in Holland in uniform and under arms, the laws of neutrality compelled their internment and they had been there ever since.

The life of a man who is interned in a neutral country, I learned, is anything but satisfactory. He gets one month a year to visit his home. If he lives in England that is not so bad, but if he happens to live farther away, the time he has to spend with his folks is very short, as the month's leave does not take into consideration the time consumed in traveling to and from Holland.

TO		Carl Cromer Buckingham Palace	
12	will attend	Buckingham Palace	
as directed	Sunday	December	Seventh
at	ten	thirty	
		2/11 P. O'Brien	

Lieutenant O'Brien's Answer to Summons of King George.

back to port. It would have been a strange climax to my adventure if the disaster had resulted in the sinking of my boat and I had lost my life while on my way to England after having successfully outwitted the Hun. But my luck was with me to the last, and while the accident resulted in some delay our boat was not seriously damaged and made the trip over in schedule time and without further accident, another destroyer having been assigned to escort us through the danger zone in place of the one which had been put out of commission.

When I arrived in London, the reaction from the strain I had been under for nearly three months immediately became apparent. My nerves were in such a state that it was absolutely impossible for me to cross the street without being in deadly fear of being run over or trampled. I stood at the curb, like an old woman from the country on her first visit to the city, and I would not venture across until some knowing policeman, recognizing my condition, came to my assistance and conveyed me across.

Indeed, there was a great number of English officers at home at all times "getting back their nerves" after a long spell of active service at the front, so that my condition was anything but novel to the London bobbies. It was not many days, however, before I regained control of myself and felt in first-class shape.

Although the British authorities in Holland had wired my mother from Holland that I was safe and on my way to England, the first thing I did when we landed was to send her a cable myself. The cable read as follows: "Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, Mombasa, Ill., U. S. A. Just escaped from Germany. Letter follows."

As I delivered it to the cable dispatcher I could just imagine the exultation with which my mother would receive it and the pride she would feel as she exhibited it among her neighbors and friends. I could hear the volley of "I told you so's" that greeted her good tidings.

"It would take more than the Kaiser to keep Pat in Germany," I could hear one of them saying. "Knew he'd be back for Christmas, anyway," I could hear another remark. "I had an idea that Pat and his comrades might spend Christmas in Berlin," I could hear another admitting. "but I did not think any other part of Germany would appeal to him very much."

"Mrs. O'Brien, did Pat write you how many German prisoners he brought back with him?" I could hear still another credulous friend inquiring. It was all very amusing and gratifying to me and I must confess I felt quite cocky as I walked into the war department to report. For the next five days I was kept very busy answering questions put to me by the military authorities regarding what I had observed as to conditions in Germany and behind the lines.

What I reported was taken down by a stenographer and made part of the official records, but I did not give them my story in narrative form. The information I was able to give was naturally of interest to various branches of the service, and experts in every line of government work took it in turns to question me. One morning would be devoted, for instance, to answering questions of a military nature—German methods behind the front line trenches, tactics, morale of troops and similar matters. Then the aviation experts would take a whack at me and discuss with me all I had observed of German flying corps methods and equipment. Then, again, the food experts would interrogate me as to what I had learned of food conditions in Germany, Luxembourg and Belgium, and as I had lived pretty close to the ground for the best part of seventy-two days I was able to give them some fairly accurate reports as to actual agricultural conditions, many of the things I told them probably having more significance to them than they had to me.

There were many things I had observed which I have not referred to in these pages because their value to us might be diminished if the Germans knew we were aware of them, but they were all reported to the authorities and it was very gratifying to me to hear that the experts considered some of them of the greatest value.

drive me to Buckingham palace, as though I was paying my regular morning call on the king. My friends' version of this incident, I have since heard, is that I seated myself in the taxi and leaning through the window said: "Buckingham palace" whereupon the taxi driver got down, opened the door and exclaimed threateningly: "If you don't get out quietly and check your drunken talk, I'll jolly quick call a bobby, bil' me, if I won't!"

But I can only give my word that nothing of the kind occurred. When I arrived at the palace gate, the sentry on guard asked me who I was and then let me pass at once up to the front entrance of the palace. There I was met by an elaborately uniformed and equally elaborately decorated personage who, judging by the long row of medals he wore, must have seen long and distinguished service for the king.

I was relieved of my overcoat, hat and stick and conducted up a long stairway, where I was turned over to another functionary, who led me to the reception room of Earl Cromer, the king's secretary. There I was introduced to another earl and a duke, whose name I do not remember. I was becoming so bewildered, in fact, that it is a wonder that I remember as much as I do of this eventful day.

I had heard many times that before being presented to the king a man is coached carefully as to just how he is to act and what he is to say and do, and all this time I was wondering when this drilling would commence. I certainly had no idea that I was to be ushered into the august presence of the king without some preliminary instruction. Earl Cromer and the other noblemen talked to me for a while and got me to relate in brief the story of my experience, and they appeared to be very much interested. Perhaps they did it only to give me confidence and as a sort of rehearsal for the main performance, which was scheduled to take place much sooner than I expected.

I had barely completed my story when the door opened and an attendant entered and announced: "The king will receive Lieutenant O'Brien." If he had announced that the Kaiser was outside with a squad of German guards to take me back to Courtrai my heart could not have sunk deeper. Earl Cromer beckoned me to follow him and we went into a large room, where I supposed I was at last to receive my coaching, but I observed the earl bow to a man standing there and realized that I was standing in the presence of the king of England. "Your majesty, Lieutenant O'Brien," the earl announced, and then immediately backed from the room. I believed I would have followed right behind him, but by that time the king had me by the hand and was congratulating me, and he spoke so very cordially and democratically that he put me at my ease at once.

He then asked me how I felt and whether I was in a condition to converse, and when I told him I was, he said he would be very much pleased to hear my story in detail. "Were you treated any worse by the Germans, lieutenant?" he asked, "on account of being an American?" I've heard that the Germans had threatened to shoot Americans serving in the British army if they captured them, classing them as murderers, because America was a neutral country and Americans had no right to mix in the war. Did you find that to be the case?"

I told him that I had heard similar reports, but that I did not notice any appreciable difference in my treatment from that accorded Britishers. The king declared that he believed my escape was due to my pluck and will power and that it was one of the most remarkable escapes he had ever heard of, which I thought was quite a compliment, coming as it did from the king of England. "I hope that all the Americans will give as good an account of themselves as you have, lieutenant," he said, "and I feel quite sure they will. I fully appreciate all the service rendered us by Americans before the States entered the war."

At this moment I asked him if I was taking too much time. "Not at all, lieutenant, not at all!" he replied, most cordially. "I was extremely interested in the brief report that came to me of your wonderful escape and I sent for you because I wanted to hear the whole story firsthand, and I am very glad you were able to come." I had not expected to remain more than a few minutes, as I understood that four minutes is considered a long audience with the king. Fifty-two minutes elapsed before I finally left there!

During all this time I had done most of the talking, in response to the king's request to tell my story. Occasionally he interrupted to ask a question about a point he wanted me to make clear, but for the most part he was content to play the part of a listener. He seemed to be very keen on everything and when I described some of the tight holes I got into during my escape he evinced his sympathy. Occasionally I introduced some of the few humorous incidents of my adventure and in every instance he laughed heartily. Altogether the impression I got of him was that he is a very genial, gracious and alert sovereign. I know I have felt more ill at ease when talking to a major than when speaking to the king—but perhaps I had more cause to.

CHAPTER XIX. I Am Presented to the King. When the dreaded 7th of December arrived, I halted a taxicab and in a matter-of-fact tone of voice as I could command, directed the chauffeur to

ute or two, shaking his head dubiously. His mystification was quite explainable. The last time he had seen me I was going down to earth with a bullet in my face and my machine doing a spinning-nose dive. He was one of my comrades in the flying corps and was in the flight which resulted in my capture. He said he had read the report that I was a prisoner of war, but he had never believed it, as he did not think it possible for me to survive that fall.

He was one of the few men living out of eighteen who were originally in my squadron—I do not mean the eighteen with whom I sailed from Canada last May, but the squadron I joined in France. As we sat on the deck exchanging experiences, I would frequently notice him gazing intently in my face as if he were not quite sure that the whole proposition was not a hoax and that I was an imposter. Outside of this unexpected meeting, my trip was uneventful. I arrived at St. John, New Brunswick, and eventually in the little town of Mombasa, Ill., on the Kankakee river.

I have said that I was never so happy to arrive in a country as I was when I set foot on Dutch soil. Now, I'm afraid I shall have to take that statement back. Not until I finally landed in Mombasa and realized that I was again in the town of my childhood days did I enjoy that feeling of absolute security which one never really appreciates until after a visit to foreign parts. Now that I am back, the whole adventure constantly recurs to me as a dream, and I'm never quite sure that I won't wake up and find it so. (THE END)

KEEP HIM REASONABLY BUSY Preacher Serving in Y. M. C. A. "Hut" in Training Camp Finds His Duties Many and Varied. If there is a notion that Y. M. C. A. work in the camps consists in selling stamps and handing out pocket testaments, let it be dissipated at once. One preacher, serving in a hut in a New Jersey camp, reports that he has done almost everything under the sun except preach.

He has built fires, swept floors, looked after hundreds of packages of laundry, umpired basketball games, organized a glee club, stage-managed a circus, sold ice cream at the canteen, and driven a flivver ten miles and back three times a week to provide salt cream. He has written letters home for boys who could not write, and he has taught those same boys their first lessons in the English language. He has been a repository for hundreds of heart secrets, and he has served as trustee for the care of as many as thirty Liberty bonds at a time.

Perhaps oldest of his many tasks was one that came his way on a wild and stormy night in April, when the master of arms at the military station entered the "Y" but after taps, carrying a red box under his arm. "Say," said the master of arms, "we've got a lot of T. N. T. mines stored at the station. Here's the detonators, in this box. There's considerable lightning around, and it isn't safe to leave these things close to the mines. Would you just as soon take care of the box over night?"

The Red Triangle man slept that night (or tried to sleep) with enough high explosive under his cot to blow him half way to heaven. GIVEN HONOR NOT DESERVED Error of Learned Men Responsible for America Being Named After Amerigo Vespucci. The story of how the new world received the name of America is a striking example of what publicity will accomplish. Amerigo Vespucci, a highly educated Florentine, was head of a business house in Seville, Spain, probably as agent for the great trading firm of the Medicts, and helped to fit out one of the expeditions with which Columbus sailed. When the latter's monopoly was revoked, Vespucci undertook several voyages of exploration on his own account, during which he claimed in many letters to have been the first to reach the mainland of the new continent, giving the date as June, 16, 1497.

On April 25, 1507, the learned heads of the University of St. Die, in Lorraine, decided, incorrectly, that he was entitled to the honor of discovery, Columbus having only reached the islands of the West Indies, and that the western hemisphere should bear his name. The name America was, therefore, first used in the book "Cosmographie Introductio," by Martin Waldseemuller, professor of cosmography at the university. It has since been shown that Vespucci was preceded by both Columbus and John Cabot, but it was too late, the new world had been christened America and the fact advertised in print. The house where the meeting was held at which the classical error was made was still standing at St. Die at the outbreak of the war, and was annually visited by many tourists from both North and South America.

Just a Flower. Here comes a market basket filled with meat, potatoes, turnips, onions, cauliflowers and radishes, a substantial supply for the hungry household, but peeping out from these varied table items is a flower, blooming from a little pot down among the potatoes. What a world of melody its happy presence imparts! There is a soul in that family daisy's rays enough. We looked at the good woman who carried the basket and saw in her countenance something fairer than appetite; a sense of beauty that put a smile on her face and a glow in her heart. That was a sign of the love that she had for her family responsibility; somewhat to grace the table and lend a charm to the family life. Amid the dull necessities of life she had planted a little flower. What radiance it would bring to her modest household, and how God would thank her for it—Columbus Ohio States Journal



The King Had Me by the Hand.

PATROL BOAT AND 118 MEN LOST

U. S. S. Tampa Torpedoed In Bristol Channel.

NOT ONE OF CREW RESCUED

Wreckage Following Explosion Tells Story To Other Vessels Of Convoy—Crew Had Won Commendation.

Washington.—Loss of the navy patrol boat Tampa, for merely the Coast Guard cutter Miami, with all on board—118 men—was announced by the Navy Department. The vessel was sunk on the night of September 25 in the Bristol Channel, off the coast of England, and Vice-Admiral Sims' report indicated that she was torpedoed while escorting a convoy. Through the sinking of the Tampa the navy suffered its greatest single blow of the war. Ten officers and 102 enlisted men, most of them taken over from the Coast Guard Service when the Tampa was sent to the war zone many months ago, were aboard, and, in addition, it was reported that one British army officer and five civilian employes were on the vessel. Other vessels of the convoy, which, it appears, the Tampa had steamed ahead of, made a thorough search in the vicinity after they felt the shock of the explosion, but they failed to find a single survivor. Two bodies in naval uniform were picked up, but they had not been identified up to the time Admiral Sims' latest dispatches were filed.

Captain Charles Satterlee, formerly of the Coast Guard Service, was the commander of the Tampa. His name and those of six other officers and 99 men have been cabled to the Navy Department by Admiral Sims as included among those missing from the Tampa. YEGGS OVERLOOK \$79,000. Steal Two Liberty Bonds From Bank At Cecil, Pa. Cecil, Pa.—Robbers who dynamited the safe in the First National Bank here overlooked \$79,000 which was in the vault and escaped with two Liberty Bonds. It is believed the robbers were frightened away by persons attracted to the scene of the explosion. WOULD REPAY THE HUNS. French Want Allies To Destroy Town For Town. Washington.—The French national committee in charge of the reparation and restoration of war damage, a dispatch from France says, has issued a declaration demanding that the Allied governments invoke the law of retaliation against Germany. The declaration says while the law is repugnant to the nations fighting for the triumph of justice and liberty, it is the only one that will make an impression on the German mind. All governments which participated in the crusade are asked to resolve to destroy town for town, village for village, church for church, castle for castle and property for property.

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Arrested While Eating Dinner With Negro Family. Winchester, Va.—A mysterious young woman, pretty and refined, but defiant, who refused flatly to give any information concerning herself when confronted with the charge of horse stealing, was taken to Fairfax, Va. for a hearing. She was arrested by Sheriff Pannett while eating dinner with a negro family in Berkeley county, West Virginia, and tried to escape, but was finally landed in jail here. "None of your business," was her only reply to every question put to her. NAVAL BASE WIPED OUT. Americans, British And Italians Penetrate Mine Fields. Rome.—American, British and Italian warships have destroyed the Austrian naval base at Durazzo, and the warships anchored there, according to an announcement made by Premier Orlando. The attack on Durazzo occurred at noon on Wednesday, when Italian and British cruisers, protected by Italian and Allied torpedo boats and American submarines, succeeded in making their way through mine field and, avoiding attacks by submarines got into Durazzo Harbor. An intense bombardment followed until the base and the Austrian ships anchored there were completely destroyed. FRANCE DECORATES DAVISON. Red Cross Official Gets Cross Of The Legion Of Honor. Paris.—H. P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council, received the commander cross of the Legion of Honor. This is the highest rank in the order ever conferred upon an American civilian. PROFESSOR GETS ONE DAY. Marquette, Of Columbia, Slacker, Then Must Register. New York.—Prof. William G. Marquette, assistant professor of botany at Columbia University, a conscientious objector, was sentenced by Federal Judge Clayton to serve one day in the custody of United States Marshal McCarthy for refusing to register in the present draft. The court ordered that he then be taken to his draft board for registration.